thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is Diſcretion; in the which better part, I haue ſaued my life. Zounds I am afeard of this gunpowder *Percy*, though he be dead: how if hee ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? by my faith I am afraid he would proue the better counterfeit? therefore Ile make him ſure; yea, and Ile ſweare I ſlew him. Why may not he riſe aſwell as I? nothing confutes mee but eyes, and no body ſees me: therefore ſirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes vp Hotſpur on his backe. Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaſter.

Prin. Come brother *Iohn*, full brauely haſt thou fleſht
Thy mayden Sword.

Iohn But ſoft, who haue we heere?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathleſſe, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantaſie that playes vpon our eye-ſight?
I prethee ſpeake, we will not truſt our eyes
Without our eares, thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.

Falſ. No that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee not *Iacke Falſtalffe*, then am I a Iacke: there is *Percy*, if your Father will doe mee any honour, ſo: if not, let him ſlay the next *Percy* himſelfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can aſſure you.

Prin. Why *Percy*, I ſlew my ſelfe, and ſaw thee dead.

Falſ. Didſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen to lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of breath, and ſo was he, but wee roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long houre by *Shrewsbury* clocke, if I may be beleeued, ſo: if not, let them that ſhould reward Valour, beare the ſinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh, if the man were aliue, and would deny it, Zounds I would make him eate a peece of my Sword.

Iohn. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother *Iohn*,
Come bring your luggage nobly on your backe,

For

For my part, if a lie will doe the
Ile guilde it with the happieſt t
A retrea

Prince The Trumpets ſoun
Come Brother, lets to the higl
To ſee what friends are liuing,
Falſ. Ile follow, as they ſay,
God reward him. If I do grow
and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanl

The Trumpets ſound, enter th
Iohn of Lancaſter, I
Worceſter and

King Thus euer did Rebelli
Ill ſpirited *Worceſter*, did not w
Pardon and tearmes of Loue t
And would ſt thou turne our o
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſma
Three Knights vpon our part
A noble Earle, and many a cre
Had beene aliue this houre,
If like a Chriſtian thou hadſt t
Betwixt our Armies true intelli

Wor. What I haue done, m
And I imbrace this fortune pat
Since not to be auoyded, it fall

King Beare *Worceſter* to the
Other Offenders we will pauſe
How goes the Field?

Prince The noble Scot Lord
The fortune of the day turn'd
The noble *Percy* ſlaine, and all
Vpon the foot of feare, fled wit
And falling from a hill, he was
That the purſuers tooke him.
The *Dowglas* is, and I beſeech
I may diſpoſe of him.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22285) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C